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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO JUNE 22, 1899. NUMBER 17.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Notes 287
The Public School Crisis 288
At Thy Behest 289
Notes by E. P. Powell 290

GOOD POETRY—
The Inner Vision—
William Wordsworth. 290
Before the Rain—
Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 290
A Forecast—*Archibald Lampman.* . 290
An Even Exchange 290

THE PULPIT—
The Undertow of the Century.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones. 291

THE STUDY TABLE—
Books and Magazines—E. P. P. 294

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 296
Something Unusual—
Emma E. Marean. 296
A Wise Old Man 296
Pulling Even 296
Bed Time Thoughts 296

THE FIELD—
Wales 297
Temperance 297
Cleveland 297
Chicago, First-Unitarian Society 297
New Ulm, Minn 297
Unsuccessful People 297
To Live—Anon 297

. . . . *Announcement* . . . .

TO THE FRIENDS OF UNITY, OLD AND NEW:

For many years the undersigned, in whom the title of UNITY *is vested, has farmed out the publication to parties more directly connected with the printing and publishing business, but this arrangement, while relieving the* UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY *(made up of preoccupied men and women) of many details, has always had its inconveniences, making an elipse with two foci, rather than a circle with one center. Alfred C. Clark & Co., since March, 1897, has given vigorous administration, perhaps too vigorous for the comfort of some of our subscribers, but we are sure if they were better acquainted they would with us appreciate the hearty good-will to the paper implied in such energy. The time seems to be auspicious for the shortening of this long-armed relation between the business and the editorial offices of* UNITY. *After July 1st the publication of* UNITY *will be conducted by the* UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY. *After that date all business communications, subscriptions, moneys and bills are to be directed to the* UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, *No. 3939 Langley avenue; all communications to the editorial department, books, exchanges, etc., to be addressed to* UNITY, *No. 3939 Langley avenue. Alfred C. Clark will retain his relation with* UNITY *as its advertising agent and all communications to this department will be addressed to Alfred C. Clark, No. 12 Sherman street.*

During July, August and the first half of September, the working end of UNITY *will be at Tower Hill, Wis. Though we shall be in close communication with Chicago offices and expect to keep things on schedule time, we crave the indulgence of our correspondents over any delay incident to this vacation extension. The summer address of the editor will be Spring Green, Wis., but all mail addressed as above to Chicago will be promptly forwarded.*

Thanking the friends for the support they have given the publishers in the past, we respectfully solicit the co-operation of old and new friends in the future. With such co-operation we hope to make UNITY *more efficient than ever, as the bulletin of the Liberal Congress of Religion, as the messenger of all workers for harmony, as the organ of all the forces that seek to unite the various religions and ethical forces of the community in the interest of the whole.*

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DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

There has been a great deal written about the doctrine of evolution, and a great deal talked about it. It has met with warm supporters, and equally warm opponents, but the discussion on the subject is generally terminated by the declaration that each side holds different views on what is meant by evolution. In fact, the general public has very hazy notions on what the dispute is about, though it recognizes the interest and importance of the subject, and anyone who succeeds in placing the theory in a clear light, and in a concise and intelligible form does a good work for which the public ought to be grateful. This has been effected by Miss Effie McLeod in a small book published by Alfred C. Clark & Co., Chicago, entitled, "A Popular Exposition of the Theory of Evolution," which treats the subject in a very able manner, and a very fascinating style; the authoress has evidently studied the matter deeply and carefully weighed the evidence for and against; her conclusions, therefore, will be read with interest by the scientific world, and with intelligent comprehension by the non-scientific public.

Miss McLeod is, we are proud to say, a Quebec lady, and her treatise, small and unassuming as it is, does honor to her native place, as much as it is creditable to herself. The book is for sale at Messrs. Hanson, Walsh, Evoy and Moore's, and is dedicated to Professor Jas. Clark Murray, of McGill College.

(*Quebec Telegraph.*)

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1899. NUMBER 17.

It was fitting that the sermon at the ordination of Rev. Dr. Briggs into the Episcopal Church should contain some significant sentences. The preacher said: "In this age that inquires and thinks authority must vindicate itself by its appeal to those judges of all truth which are the image of the divine in man, the spiritual intuitions, the conscience and the reason."

"There will never be another great war between civilized nations, i. e., a war lasting more than thirty days." This is the opinion of Thomas Edison. According to his judgment electricity is "to make war a permanent relic." With all due respect to this brilliant discoverer, we fear he reckons without his host. Electricity and other inventions have already made war a disgrace, a reproach, but human nature is made of plucky stuff. It will face even the dangers of electricity. War must cease through the elevation of the moral nature of man, not through his conquest over the physical forces of nature.

Dr. Draper of the State University of Illinois, in his article in the "Forum" on "The Common Schools in Large Cities," tells us that "the chief danger in the large cities is that the elementary school will be disowned by nearly all who by any reasonable possibility can afford to do so and that it will become the school of the poor alone." We come upon this sentence since writing the editorial which appears in another column. Let there be a rally around the public schools in our cities on the part of the competent, not the public schools as they are, but as they ought to be and as they might be if those who can would only help.

The mayor of Chicago has issued his national edict against toy pistols and dangerous fireworks on the Fourth, but as usual it is probably expected that the order will be taken in a Pickwickian sense only. So much the greater pity. We sympathize with the "Union Signal," which says that "there is very little Americanism left for the Fourth of July except the flag." It is largely given over to "Chinese fireworks, German beer, French dances," and it might add, English football, which has nearly run out the more graceful and spiritual American baseball. Our contemporary suggests that the Fourth of July is a good time to talk of living and dying nations. It is too late to interfere with public programs. It is too early to expect much modification of the same, but individuals, with whom reform must begin, can see to it that the Fourth of July takes on again its old thoughtfulness and becomes once more a day consecrated to liberty, the liberty born out of free thinking and high doing. Let the Fourth of July be dedicated to freedom.

The newspapers tell us that Mrs. McKinley has presented each of the "three studious young ladies" in the family that graduate this month with a beautiful white gown, trimmed, etc., etc., etc., and that the President has given his young relatives each a breast-pin, wreath shaped, pearls, etc., etc., etc. And we are further told that Miss Barber and Miss Duncan will wear their presents at commencement, but that the niece, Miss Grace McKinley, according to the regulations of Mount Holyoke, must receive her degree in the cap and gown of the college. This is the best and apparently adequate argument for the cap and gown on such state occasions as this. It wards off the jewelry and levels up the poor girl so that she is not conscious of invidious comparisons between herself and her perhaps less studious classmate, who may have wealthy relatives to wrap her round with lace and trim her off with gems. Let us keep our schools democratic. Let not learning be dishonored in the house of its friends by idle display and silly pomp.

A recent meeting of the traveling salesmen held in Chicago throws a lurid light upon the trust problem. But few are willing to give their names to the public in connection with the almost unanimous feeling that the trusts are working great hardships to the traveling men. The president of the Commercial Travelers' Association, before the Industrial Commission, testified that over thirty-five thousand men have been forced out of employment and that twenty-five thousand have had their salaries reduced. The painful nature of this state of affairs is further brought out by the fact that he estimates that sixty million dollars represent the net loss to these men, and, of course, a similar gain to the comparatively few men involved in the trust. There seems to this man but one ray of hope and that is that rival monopolies will eventually grow up so that the much watered stocks of existing trusts will fail of their expected earnings. Is this the only hope? Is there not some better way out of the present commercial dilemma? Must what is so economically right prove always so ethically wrong? Who will answer and where is the reconciliation to come from?

The New York papers tell us that there is a movement on foot on the part of certain clergymen in New York City to resist the encroachments of the higher criticism. These brethren, under the alleged leadership of Moody, propose to start a new propaganda for the old view of the Bible. We doubt if many orthodox ministers will be foolish enough to enter this campaign against scholarship and intelligence. The higher criticism has come to stay, because it is the result of devout thinking and earnest search. It was not born

on the outside, but on the inside of the Christian church. We commend to these agitators the words of Canon Cheyne, in a recent sermon preached at the Rochester cathedral, "A faithful study of the gospels in a devout, thoroughly undogmatic spirit, will not make us either Catholic or Protestant in the old sense of these words, but it will do something far better, it will make us Christians." We will go a step further and say that a similar study of the Old Testament, in connection with the New, may not even make us "Christians" in any dogmatic or ecclesiastical sense, but it will make us religious, in love with the good and more in sympathy with the human heart in its struggles, its sorrows and its aspirations.

According to the "Boston Transcript" the Unitarians of Boston are about to take a departure which must seem very radical and revolutionary to the sticklers for Congregational polity, which are always found on the watch towers of Unitarianism. It has been the boast of these guardians of religious democracy that the only adequate ordination was that which came from the laity; that the congregation alone had a right to be heard in this matter; but now, according to this paper, six students of the Harvard Divinity School were ordained on the 18th inst. as "ministers of the Unitarian Congregational Church" and their credentials are passed upon by the fellowship committee of the National Unitarian Conference and a Council of Churches, an ecclesiastical expedient which obtains among the orthodox Congregational churches, but, so far as we are informed, is unknown among the Unitarians, is to give sanction to their ordination. We will be interested in noting the effect of this innovation upon the Unitarian body at large. UNITY has for many years advocated still another conception of ordination. Where ecclesiastical rules for one reason or another are ignored, where the supernatural sanctions of religion do not obtain, there still remains the work of a teacher of religion, a preacher and leader in morals, whether developed in the individual life or by social organizations. The law is right in demanding some professional recognition of the competency and character of the individual members of such a profession, and in the ministry, as in the law and medicine, none are more fit to give such credentials than the elders in the profession. The spirit and the letter of the law, at least in most of the western states, is fulfilled when in any proper and dignified way a number of ministers of religion, who themselves have been duly recognized, will give their public recognition and their welcome to the new candidate and properly testify to the same. The ministry of liberal religion can best be guarded by the profession itself. If it is a sacred profession, the sanctions of which are to come from some divine source, supernaturally expressed, then many who are now honored and trusted as ministers have no right to the office. The claim of a supernatural authority to set apart a man to a supernatural work is, to say the least, as arrogant when put forth by a body of laymen as when put forth by a body of ecclesiastics.

The Public School Crisis.

The public schools of America, particularly in great cities, are just now at a critical point in their development. They are in great danger of losing that preeminence and universality which belong to them by theory and which has been the boast of the American educator. The rapid increase of wealth, the great attention given to pedagogic problems and child study, together with a clearer recognition of the great mass of children that come from homes more or less demoralized by poverty and overwork, combine to increase the temptation of favored parents to withdraw their children from the public schools and to gather them by themselves in private schools which, more or less successfully, are applying the newest theories in the new education.

In these new theories we have great interest, and the value of these experimental stations in education is obvious, however dangerous it may be to the child that is experimented upon. But we deem it nothing less than a calamity to American institutions, the withdrawing of the more favored children and the consequent loss of the direct enthusiasm, attention and direction of the more favored parents, from the public schools. Public schools for the poor and private schools for the wealthy or the favored is a conception that is un-American. A school that is not good enough for the child of the avenue is no school for the public to offer to the child of the alley. The very excellence of the avenue school that places it beyond the reach of the alley child makes it a poor school for the child of the avenue, for the alley child does not need contact with the life of the avenue so much as the avenue child needs the contact with the life of the alley, which is not necessarily more vicious, indolent or selfish than the avenue life, indeed oftentimes the very contrary is true. What we need is a public school equal to the training of all its children, and the best part of that training will spring out of the fact that it is for all. Democracy is not an infliction to be borne, but an inspiration to be enjoyed. It is of itself the most valuable element in the training that any school can give.

In view of all this the feverish agitation and condition of warfare that at present obtains in Chicago concerning the public schools is nothing less than a great misfortune.

It is difficult for people outside of Chicago to realize the nature or the extent of the present controversy and it is as difficult for those inside of Chicago to hold a judicial mind and preserve the heart of calm that alone secures rational judgment.

With the beginning of the last school year E. Benjamin Andrews, the successful president of Brown University, Providence, was called to the superintendency of the Chicago schools. He came to undertake a most difficult task under very trying circumstances. He came to supplant an official of long standing who had grown with the growth of the city, who had been moulded by the city, and whatever reasons for change might have existed, the educational machine was running comparatively smoothly under him. Again, the

coming of President Andrews was suspected of having a political element in it, and by strange irony, because he was a friend of President Harper, who had much to do in bringing him to Chicago, and because President Harper is a friend of Rockefeller and is the president of a university that is trying to put to good uses a great amount of questionable money, Dr. Andrews came to encounter a class of prejudices the very opposite of those that disturbed the equanimity of his Providence work. The trustees of Brown University were disturbed on account of his economic theories. He stood too much against capital. He had declared himself a bimetallist. Here the labor unions have combined against him because of his alliance with capital.

And then because Professor Andrews was expected to change some things, because he believes in the one-man power, when that one man is the right one, because there was an effort made to increase the number of men in the public school service and because during the one short year many mistakes and misunderstandings on all sides were unavoidable, the teachers themselves, particularly the grade teachers, ninety-two or three per cent. of which are women, have taken drastic measures to "defend their rights," as they deem it, in opposition to the administration.

As a result of this agitation the city has lost the services, for the time being at least, of Mrs. Ella F. Young, one of the most competent and progressive educators in the country, and the papers and mails have been loaded with petitions and counter petitions, letters and resolutions in regard to other teachers. The result of it all is that there is more heat than vision, more fever than strength, in the discussion. We recognize the divine right of petition, but we submit that schools cannot be run by petitions and that the administration of Dr. Andrews deserves the opportunity it has not yet received, and it is the part of a good citizen as well as of a good teacher to give him a chance. And with all due respect to the work done by the public schools of Chicago in the past, we know whereof we speak when we say that this right of petition, the "influence" of the strong man and the politician, the "pull" of friends, have entered too largely into our school administrations in the past. It is a notorious fact that the school board itself has never been able to live up to its own rules, for when its rules cut across the interests of any particular teacher there is always a disposition to bring "pressure to bear" upon those in authority, so that like the indulgent Rip Van Winkle, the rule would not be counted "this once." Except in extreme cases we believe those in authority and in position should be maintained and the autonomy of the public school administrations be respected. We believe that this is the duty of the intelligent citizen in this crisis of Chicago. If ever individuality is valuable it must be in the schoolroom. No high administration has ever been achieved by boards and committees. Our schools need the rule of the great man. Let us give Dr. Andrews a fair trial and if he proves inadequate let the administration be transferred not from one man to many men, but from one man to another man.

The problem of the Chicago schools is a wide-reaching one. It is a national problem, for if the public school system breaks down here, who dare hope for its strength anywhere?

But these are not dark days for education in Chicago. The generosity of Mrs. Emmons Blaine in laying the foundations of a great school of pedagogy and her wisdom and courage in calling to the head of this school so brave, independent and fertile a mind as that of Colonel Parker, is cause for national rejoicing. Colonel Parker is nothing if he is not a champion of the public schools of America, and at last there is a prospect of his having an opportunity, unhampered by politics or poverty, to show what he can do, and what he has done already is a warrant of high expectations. We learn that a large number of the teachers that have helped Colonel Parker to give the Cook County, latterly the Chicago Normal School, its wide reputation, propose to follow him into this new and high venture.

So we are still hopeful for the public school, a public school that will be the best school available for everybody's children. If they are not good enough for the best children let the best parents take hold and make them such, for their children need one thing above all others, and this one thing they cannot acquire in its full extent anywhere else, i. e., the democratic unconsciousness of rank and possession, the democratic spirit that will enable the child of wealth to feel at home and to feel as respectable, morally and spiritually, as the child of the industrious carpenter and the honorable shop woman. In order to realize this let President Andrews have a fair show. Let Colonel Parker have his opportunity and let us all be patient, keep cool, in order that we may keep heart, and wherever we can lend a hand.

At Thy Behest.

Thou who dost freight the wandering bee
  With mission so divine,
That when within the nectary
  He doth himself enshrine,
He bears into the flower soul
  The potency of life—
Hast surely destined me some goal
  Of holy strife.

Thou who dost make the insect bear
  The tiny seed,
'Till it shall find the kindly air
  Meet for its need;
And dost, in like, commission joy-winged bird
  And gladsome wind—
Make my unhearing ears to know the word
  For them designed.

But bee and bird and wind know not they go
  On errand high,
Their blessing, all unwitting, they bestow
  As they pass by—
Perchance I move already at behest
  Of the one word,
Which in the seeking of some higher quest
  I deemed unheard.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

A grain of wisdom will gild a greater surface than a grain of gold.

A man's life should be constantly as fresh as a river—new water every instant.

He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past.

Aim at the summits, though the multitude does not ascend them; use all the society that will abet you.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

Everyone is awkward under some circumstances. Wendell Phillips was said to be proof against anything except praise. It probably pleased him, but it generally more or less upset him. He liked best opposition. Oliver Wendell Holmes was something of a courtier, but he said he never had the easy feeling of a stable boy among his horses except when he is among his books. Robert Collyer is easiest in reminiscences of his blacksmith life. He can talk finely of books and is gracious, if not grateful, in all sorts of assemblages, but he is never quite Robert away from the anvil and forge. Antagonism does not make him awkward, but he picks up a sledge hammer very quickly in a dangerous way. Bayard Taylor was bashful and awkward in social assemblies, and only tolerated the lecture platform. Those who can talk well to a crowd can seldom converse well with a few.

The first postmistress ever appointed in the United States was the widow of Col. Andrew Balfour, a Revolutionary officer. He fell a victim in North Carolina to a party of Royalists led by Colonel Fannin. They murdered him in the presence of his family. Mrs. Balfour hurried from the North, where she was then visiting, to find her husband's resting place, but she found it unsafe to remain in that neighborhood. After the war President Washington appointed her postmistress at Salisbury, where she ultimately went to reside. The appointment of women has recently been not at all uncommon, but it is understood that the government will move somewhat guardedly in their selection, since it has been found that to remove or displace a woman raises a tempest on account of her sex. Possibly the best civil service amendment will be to turn over all postoffices to women.

The ordination of Dr. Briggs in the Episcopal Church recalls a rather muddled effort to define orthodoxy, to be found in the "North American Review" for April. It decides that orthodoxy is imperative, yet imperfect. Truth claims our allegiance, yet truth is uncertain. But, after all, the article sums up our duty as, "We are bound to be as orthodox as we can." Which is all right, since my orthodoxy is not orthodoxy for anybody else. My individual orthodoxy is at best defective and partial, but it will become superfluous and illusory as soon as it ceases to be my own. Then the orthodoxy of the church must be "of the whole church"—all its branches. Ecumenical belief is the only orthodoxy. And "even that is only approximate." "The fundamental evil of subscription to an elaborate creed is that such subscription is always imposed by a sect and a sect has no divine authority to define orthodoxy." "There is no test of orthodoxy so good as a man's own honest judgment of his own belief," which knocks out the ecumenical, and makes an honest man stand alone with his God, saying, hands off. But then, is any man quite honest? Is any man orthodox even to himself? Is not the whole fuddle a desire to get the job of truth-hunting finished? The old philosopher is said to have declared that if God would give him the choice to have all truth in his right hand, or the privilege of forever seeking truth, he would open his hand and let the truth fly away. Which is really what these theological professors are doing. They are on a steeple chase after truth, and it is healthy both for them and for us. However, they have not quite found out that they are on a truth hunt, and have not orthodoxy in charge, and never will have. The author, Dr. Francis Brown, is a good example of the Briggs' school.

Good Poetry.

The Inner Vision.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
  To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
  Which he forbears again to look upon;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
  The work of Fancy, or some happy tone.
Of meditation, slipping in between
  The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Before the Rain.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
  A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
  Into the vapory amethyst.

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
  Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
  To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
  The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
  Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

A Forecast.

What days await this woman, whose strange feet
Breathe spells, whose presence makes men dream like wine,
Tall, free and slender as the forest pine,
Whose form is molded music, through whose sweet,
Frank eyes I feel the very heart's least beat,
Keen, passionate and full of dreams and fire;
How in the end, and to what man's desire
Shall all this yield, whose lips shall these lips meet?
One thing I know: if he be great and pure,
This love, this fire, this beauty shall endure;
Triumph and hope shall lead him by the palm;
But if not this, some differing thing he be,
That dream shall break in terror; he shall see
The whirlwind ripen, where he sowed the calm.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

An Even Exchange.

Senator Hoar, in his reminiscences of New England life sixty years ago, tells this good story at his father's expense:

The wooden pump, which took the place of the old well in many dooryards, was considered a great invention. We all looked with huge respect upon Sanford Adams of Concord, who invented it and was known all over the country.

He was quite original in his way. The story used to be told of him that he called at my father's house one day to get some advice as to a matter of law. Father was at dinner and went to the door himself. Mr. Adams stated his case in a word or two as he stood on the doorstep, to which father gave him his answer, the whole conversation not lasting more than two minutes. He asked Mr. Hoar what he should pay and father said: "Five dollars." Mr. Adams paid it at once and father said: "By the way, there is a little trouble with my pump. It does not seem to draw water. Will you just look at it?" So Mr. Adams went round the corner of the shed, moved the handle of the pump and put his hand down and fixed a little spigot which was in the side, which had got loose and the pump worked perfectly. Father said, "Thank you, sir." To which Adams replied: "It will be five dollars, Mr. Hoar," and father gave him back the same bill he had just taken.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The Pulpit.

The Undertow of the Century.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, June 11, 1899.

"When winds are raging o'er the angry ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore."

Thus runs the first stanza of Mrs. Stowe's beautiful hymn. But this is but half the truth. The profundity of ocean depths is not all "peaceful stillness." While the surface seems calm or disturbed by passing winds, or, at the worst, agitated into boisterous waves that are but few fathoms high and but few fathoms deep, there are great undercurrents that continuously sweep the beds of ocean. The gulf stream, so striking on the surface, has still more startling dimensions and suggestive power in the mystic undercurrents, the existence of which must chiefly be inferred. In the electric observatories, erected underground and guarded from all local and surface distractions, the needle often shows violent disturbance and registers great electric storms, while a few yards above, in the open air, little children play in the sunshine and sheep browse quietly on the lawn. The contrary is also frequently true. when life above is startled by vivid lightning and the air is torn by thunder, the needle registering the deeper earth currents is but little perturbed. Who has not noticed in the calmest of summer days the fleecy squadrons of the upper air majestically scudding along before great winds so high above that the leaves on the tress are unrustled? Sometimes even the counter currents of air above us are obvious and different strata of clouds move in opposite directions.

Musicians are able to imitate this mystic conflict in nature and reproduce in tone the paradox of life. Amid the distracting upper notes, what might be called the outward tones of the music, they hide the nobler music, the inner tones, the undertones. It is the thorough bass, that sea of tone, in which the music rests. This determines the power of the music, the subtle charm that makes the permanent impression.

There are counter currents of the spirit. History has its mighty undertows; he who notes only surface movements; he who counts only on the upper currents may find himself drifting away from the moorings he calculated, carried away by a tide he reckoned not of. In the music of human life there is a thorough bass which only the trained ear detects, but without which the music becomes discord and the best played instruments jar and jangle.

The questions of the hour are obtrusive. It is easy to study the problems of the day, not difficult to note the movements of the year, but who will detect for us the great questions of the decade, interpret for us the problems of the age and measure the movements of the century?

A study of history discloses the fact that the great trend of any age is little understood by that age, that the seeming interests of any given time are not the real interests of that time; or, in other words, the surface movements in human history are superficial movements. The real movements are deep and hidden to those who are tossed upon the upper waves. When Macedonia and Rome seemed at their maximum then were they tottering to their graves. The disasters that ended in the captivity of Babylon proved to be more valuable to Jewry than the triumphs that established the Solomon temple and the glory attendant thereon. Not the Christian zeal for the repossession of a savior's grave was the real inspiration of the Crusades, though thousands upon thousands lost their lives on that conscious quest. There were deeper inspirations that quickened in Europe a sense of its own strength. Blind gravitations toward organization, civic adventure and political power. So in the sixteenth century, when the pillars of faith tottered and trembled, when the very temple seemed to fall upon the heads of the devotees—at that very time faith was rooting itself in deeper reason. Protestantism was destroying but to rebuild. The undertone in the music was constructive and reassuring, though the upper staves seemed to be full of discordant and jangling notes.

Indeed, here we come upon the true character of the prophet, the secret of the sage, the difference between the wise man and the fool. The prophet is one who is not moved by the distractions of the day, but is swayed by the attractions of the century. The sage is the man who takes account of the upper currents, who sinks his plumb line below the troubled waves on the surface. The wise man takes a long perspective and is patient in his studies of slow but far-reaching forces. The astronomer, when he tried to compute the distance of the planets, takes his observation and then waits six months before he takes the other observation, securing thereby a bass line that reaches the whole diameter of the earth's orbit with which to begin his calculations.

The Atlantic at the Straits of Gibraltar pours a steady current into the Mediterranean, although that great sea receives the wash of three continents, the great rivers of Europe, Asia and Africa carry their drainage into this basin. It was long a puzzle to scientists what became of all this water. Was the Mediterranean a mighty sea with no outlet? But the mystery was solved when an English officer sailed out into mid-channel at Gibraltar and let down a loaded basket. As it descended the drift of the boat outward was checked. When the basket was lowered still deeper the boat stopped; still lower, and, drawn by the great hidden and heretofore unknown mighty subatlantic river, the boat was drawn outward into the mighty ocean by that current which has since been traced hundreds of miles out into the great main.

Let us try to discover the undertow of our century, the lower currents of thought and feeling to-day, correcting thereby, perhaps, our too hasty calculations, modifying our estimates and acquiring the truer knowledge of our bearings that will enable us more wisely to direct our course.

The one overwhelming characteristic of this century would seem to be its interest in and triumph over matter. The brilliant achievements of mind have been acquired in their successful excursions into the mysteries of outward nature. So striking are the achievements in this direction that Wallace, in his interesting book on "The Wonderful Century," does not hesitate to say that the triumphs of the nineteenth century in this direction exceed those achieved in the entire epoch of human history preceding it. He gives us a comparative table of great achievements in this direction. In a column devoted to the nineteenth century he gives us twenty-four counts, including such brilliant achievements in the way of practical inventions as railroads, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lighting, photography, phonography, the Roentgen ray, the spectrum analysis, and, among the theoretical discoveries he enumerates the molecular theory of gases, the discovery of the function of dust in nature, the definite and multiple proportions in chemistry, the nature of meteors and comets, proof of the Glacial epoch, of the great antiquity of man, organic evolution, germ theory, etc., etc. While in the column devoted to all the preceding ages he finds but fifteen counts to match the twenty-four counts of the nineteenth century. Mr. Wallace gives in this book most readable

chapters, recounting the details of these successes. He elaborates upon the modes of traveling, labor-saving machinery, the transmission of thought, fire and light, the achievements in geometry, geology, etc., etc., and the end is not yet. Since his book was written we have come upon liquefied air, which perhaps will enable up to furnish our houses with cold as we now do with heat. Maybe we can pipe the city for summer temperature as we now do for light and water. The automobile has made its appearance upon the streets as a practical achievement.

But notwithstanding all these material triumphs, and what seems to Mr. Wallace to be deplorable failures in other directions, I think he who sinks his basket deep enough into the current, even of this century, will strike a deep undertone bearing outward into the things of the spirit. Indeed, this material study itself lands us on the margin of the immaterial world. Things melt into forces and matter becomes so sublimated, elusive, that we can best think of it as potency; in some clumsy way through all these achievements the human heart responds to the gravitation of the spirit. So striking is this gravitation that men are hungry for immaterial realities, crazy to believe in the imponderable. There is a passion for the psychic world running along with and under this reality of the material universe. Witness this passion in the table-tipping, spirit-rapping manifestations of the Fox sisters and the earlier movements of spiritualism and the later interests in theosophy, mind-healing, faith cures, Christian Science and psychical research. If anyone objects to this bundling together of movements and theories so different in detail, I reply that they are united only in the fact that they all combine in an attempt to emphasize the psychic realties of the universe and oftentimes they are arrayed in hostility against the interest in physical phenomena and the studies of matter. So great is this appetite, perhaps heightened by a temporary suppression, that the human soul seems to become reckless in its credulity, extravagant in its readiness to believe. This passion for spirit seems in our day to become overwhelming and inveterate, like the passion for alcohol. The soul is easily inebriated by it. Huxley, the brilliant student of physics, was also the inveterate controversialist concerning questions of religion and the spiritual facts of life. The undertow of this century pulls us toward the realities of the spirit. There is a mighty outrushing of the human soul toward the imponderable and the immaterial. Already we see the trend of this spirit manifested in the triumphant way with which it converts its physical conquests into the shining stairway upon which the soul climbs with willing feel to supersensual realms.

Again it would seem as though this century might truly be called the century of doubt. Far more effective than the free thinkers and skeptics of the preceding centuries have the investigators, critics and students of the text of this century been in breaking down man's trust in a so-called scriptural revelation, in challenging the ghostly claims of ecclesiastics and ecclesiasticisms. Proof texts, creeds, ceremonies, have been challenged, found wanting and laid aside by millions of souls. The pulpit seems to have lost much of its power over men. The laity have ceased to fear the priest, the bishop or the pope, and the time-honored respect for the cloth seems to have been giving away to a flippant contempt for the same. Judged by the popular applause, and numbers, even the splendid sway of Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks in this country gives way to the greater popularity of Robert Ingersol. This century has devastated the denominations. The sects have divided and subdivided, only to find themselves again confronted by further divisions and growing perplexities. Among the achievements of the century, Mr. Wallace does not number those of the higher criticism, but not more revolutionary or startling have been the disclosures of the chemical laboratory than have been the discoveries and demonstrations in the Biblical laboratory, wherein have wrought Ewald, Kuenan, Robertson Smith, Professor Toy, Dr. Briggs and their associates. Churches have lost their power over the multitude, at least the bicycle and the park prove more attractive than the sermon and the hymn to multitudes in these days. Schism has become the scandal of Christendom and the sects have become a reproach to religion.

Still is there not an undertone to this music? Does not the listening ear find that hunger for spiritual fact just alluded to, manifesting itself in deeper and more profound ways than in mere psychic curiosity or intellectual theories? Again the students themselves, at last, bear us on to the central citadel of faith. This century has so enlarged the horizon of man that it is impossible for one to think at all upon the profound problems of religion, except in terms of unity. The old dualism that divided the universe into two kingdoms, one the domain of God and the other the domain of the devil, is gone forever. There is no place for satan any more in the vocabulary of the thinking man. No more is there a place for hell as a permanent, fixed domain, because man's thinking has filled the universe with law, has permeated the interstellar as well as the inter-atomic spaces with that cohesive something that holds the whole together and makes life, death and immortality one, aye, doubt and sin, but factors in the development and growth of the spirit, crudities to be thrown into the furnace that will fuse and burn the dross, converting it into the flux which in due process of the universe will make life more life and better. The undertow of the century is toward faith. The profoundest problem which the thinker grapples with to-day is not, is there any God, but is there anything else but God? If by exploration and investigation the Jehovah of history has been dethroned from his supposed palace in the far-off heavens, he has been enthroned again in every atom and in every soul throughout time and space.

Not less, but more faith is the outcome of the century. Herbert Spencer developed the scheme of evolution as a philosophy of the universe before Darwin had announced his development theory concerning the order of life on this earth. The thinkers and singers of our century have heard this undertone and heeded it. They give the thorough bass to the music of the centuries. Listen to the ethical cry for justice in George Eliot's writings, the message of music and harmony in the words of Emerson, the cosmic solidity, the theistic confidence taught by John Fiske, Robert Browning and Walt Whitman, and then note how through the jarring discords of doubt there have been struck the great chords of faith. However men and women may flee the petty altars of sect and partiality, they are being gathered by a power they know not of and in ways they little apprehend, at the high altars of trust that are set apart in the great cathedrals of the universe.

A third and painful, and it would seem unexpected and contradictory development of the century has been the startling growth of militarism. Probably there never were so many men under arms during peace conditions as at the present time. It is estimated that the cost of the armies and navies of Europe and America have been multiplied by three during the last thirty years. The so-called six great military powers of Europe, which I take to be England, Germany, France, Russia, Austria and Italy, have a standing army of over three millions of men, which implies at least the labor of another three millions to maintain them. And our own country, as a nation, is now spending more

for battleships to-day than it is spending for universities. That national university for which Washington and Jefferson labored and laid, as they thought, the foundation of, still waits for that appropriation which is promptly given to build the great floating fortresses, perfected mechanism of destruction, which we call a warship. Every warship means a possible university sustained in perpetuo by the single cost of creation.

And still for all these horrible facts, in the face of the grim procession, I believe that the undertow of the century is toward peace and away from war. Perhaps the very alacrity of Mars, the god of war, indicates the near presence of Athenæ, the goddess of peace, whose mild persuasion so mocks his frowning front that he seeks to hide it behind polished steel and under flying banners. The tug of the century is toward peace.

Vereschatgen's pictures, Tolstoi's practice, Baroness Von Suttner's pathetic pleading and the Czar's rescript, are not exceptional notes struck out by solo players; they are but imperfect interpretations of that great thorough bass, that profound harmony of the universal mind and the common heart of civilization which cries out for peace. Her call is to avoid the blood-red fields of battle and seize the mightier weapons of education, commerce, art and science, with which to fight the foes of man and all governments—ignorance, hatred, narrowness, the stupid conceit that identifies geographical boundaries, national traditions, race characteristics, with the providences and preferences of God.

He has measured the forces of this century superficially, sunk his investigating plummet but a little way into the great stream of the nineteenth century, who has not found that the splendid international expositions, the World's Parliaments of Religions and the present conclave at The Hague, represent fundamental forces, interpret the profounder movements and the higher life of this century. They are not passing exceptions to but lasting arraignments of the rôle of war. At the close of this century they are sounding the doom of the warrior, heralding in the disarmament of the civilized world.

The obvious characteristic of this century, particularly in this last quarter, is the stupendous growth of private fortunes, the phenomenal accumulation of wealth on the part of the few. I am not prepared to-day to discuss the mooted question, are the poor growing poorer? but I will content myself with recognizing the unquestioned fact that the few rich are growing richer with a stupendous and alarming velocity. That the distance between the poorest and the richest is increasing tremendously no one can doubt. If the poorest do not slip back the richest are plunging forward at a tremendous rate. Chicago to-day probably holds more millionaires than the whole United States contained fifty years ago. Mr. Wallace's book contains a fearful chapter, entitled "The Domain of Greed," which ought to be read by every voter in America. His figures are mostly English and their force is thereby lessened for American use. He tells us that it is estimated that there are two thousand millionaires and over in the United States of America, but this I suspect is an under statement. He further tells us that four thousand and forty-seven families of the rich in the United States own five times as much property as six million, five hundred and ninety-nine thousand, seven hundred and ninety-six families of the poor. These figures point to a situation too horrible to realize, too agonizing to believe. Of course, suicide, infanticide, divorces, murders and inebriety increase with the increase of the chasm between the rich and poor. And every man who by means however legitimate and honorable, in his own estimation, accumulates for himself wealth so rapidly that it interferes with the general distribution of the commonwealth of the world, piles up desperation for his neighbor, debility and degradation for his own children and damnation to himself. One need not accept the extreme arguments of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," though I believe his conclusions have never yet been firmly disproven. Take, if you will, the most conservative exhibit of your banks, or even the awful lying of our assessment rolls, and we are compelled to see that this century is exaggerating day by day the economic differences and the financial distances between man and man. Men wear broadcloth stitched in an atmosphere of degradation and disease. Women wear cloaks that have been steeped in the contagions of the sweat shop not five miles away from the boulevard where their fineries are exploited by male and female. The authority I have been quoting says that "a million people in London go without sufficient food, clothing or fire, 'when there is great commercial prosperity;' that thousands are maimed, racked and tortured by dangerous trades when 'there is great commercial prosperity;' that the paupers' deaths increased in ten years from twenty-one to twenty-six per cent., but still there was 'great commercial prosperity.'" As there so it is here. Increase of private wealth does not necessarily mean a reduction of misery or a multiplication of privileges. For obvious reasons these great modern fortunes are amassed, not so much by increasing the resources of the world as by cornering the same. It comes not by production, but by monopoly. It is not necessarily the outcome of industry, but of the shrewd and oftentimes iniquitous management of industries. The trees in the forests, the coal in the mountains, the petroleum and the gas distilled in the geologic resorts of nature, the water in the streams, power of wind and river, aye, the ample fields of nature itself, it would seem, belong not to the successful speculator or the blundering discoverer, but to that higher life of the globe that produced these by the same laws that produced the higher life.

But I cannot dwell further on these grim facts, the reality of which I believe to be beyond doubt. I hasten to note some of the signs that even here there is an undertow that pulls us the other way, that there are forces at work that are to redeem the selfish times; that the very economic condition which is to-day the menace of civilization is also the hope of that civilization, and the forces that threaten to wreck us are yet to redeem us. The very methods which make the multiplication of millionaires so possible are the methods which some day will make a well-meaning and a willing pauper impossible, methods that will some day remove material want and physical penury absolutely from the ranks of the industrious and the sober and will make poverty and sin, hunger and inebriety, charity, sickness and misfortune coextensive and almost interchangeable. The very spirit of greed has taught us the wastefulness and the foolishness of competition. One step further and we will learn its wickedness. The very selfishness in human nature, the wit of the human mind, has taught us already the splendid economy of combination, the high thrift of coöperation, the absolute financial soundness of the principles of trusts and combines. This lesson is being taught so well that it will never be forgotten. Now, it is for the human heart and conscience to recognize the trend of this economic lesson and to lay hold of the trusts in the interest of humanity; to say, if combination makes millionaires of four thousand it can help make thrifty and competent sixty million. The prophet of the nineteenth century reads in unquestioned characters the "Mene, mene, tekel" of the economic law upon the wall. The decree that by co-ordination, co-operation and combination is the commonwealth of the world to be enlarged has gone forth. Nay, further, that the

foundations of this wealth deposited in nature belong to human nature and that God never has, and that the law will not much longer dare to give private title to this common property of mankind, to any successful manipulator of the forces of trade and commerce, however legitimate these forces may be. That is, the trees on the mountain side, the coal in its bowels, the gold in its crevices, the broad crust at its feet are there not by man's creation and they cannot be permanently, rightfully held for any one man's selfish use, but through the tuition of the nineteenth century we are about to learn how to utilize these facts and forces for the benefit of all.

What is the meaning of the terms, "sociology," "public ownership," "municipal control," "direct legislation," the "initiative and the referendum," "single tax," "postal savings banks," "public schools," "free education," "public libraries," "summer parks," "winter assembly rooms," "free art galleries," "museums," "open churches," "people's churches," "freedom in religion," "unity?" I know not what they mean in their particular or near issues. I may not survey the road upon which they are to travel. I doubt if any man can, but this much they mean: That the nineteenth century is at its close coming into sublime consciousness of the oneness of life. It is yielding to the divine undertow that bears the selfish out of his narrow fortune, reluctantly if it must be, into the bosom of his broader fortune, where, sickened of the miserable possessive in the singular number "mine," he will grow rich in the plural possessive of "ours."

These, then, are the undertows of the century, the deep currents of life that move steadily and quietly in obedience to God-made laws toward lasting results. There is a gravitation through matter into spirit, through doubt into faith, through war into peace, through economic selfishness and greed into economic equity, out of the monopolies of men into the monopolies of humanity. The surface currents seem often to be setting in the other way. The lifeboats that ride the straits of this Gibraltar of the nineties in the nineteenth century, are lost in material splendors, are swamped in intellectual doubts, are torn by national prejudices, petty patriotisms and are allured by the pageantry of war; they grow pale and sick at the gaming tables of the exchange, but far below all this the heart seeks to plant itself upon the imponderable, which is the eternal, embosom itself in the arms of that God, the existence of which is beyond doubt to the believer in law and order. We are beginning to sing the universal hallelujah chorus of "peace on earth, good-will to men," aye, a good-will to men that will seek justice to all men and will prefer to live together in mutual poverty if need be, than to live apart in the selfish isolations of man-made, home blighting, child cursing millions. The undertow of the century is toward God, toward justice, toward love. And so we close with the closing stanzas of the hymn with which we began:

"So to the heart that knows thee, Love Eternal!
There is a temple sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee."

A friend of mine once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage-coach in Yorkshire, and, being a lover of horses, he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. "Ah," said the coachman, "but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific 'oss." "A scientific horse!" exclaimed my friend. "What on earth do you mean by that?" "I means," replied Jehu, "a 'oss as thinks he knows a deal more nor he does."—London Telegraph.

The Study Table.

Books and Magazines.

A reader of UNITY says: "I have three boys and two girls. I have taken your advice and procured for them the "American Review of Reviews" and the "Literary Digest" and the "Atlantic Monthly." It works to a charm. The effect is a rapid broadening out of thought and apprehension of affairs. What next?" Well, next get them as good a cyclopædia as you can—perhaps the Johnson Appleton—and the Standard Dictionary. Then in your yearly estimate of expenses cut off a few beefsteaks and add a few books. Finally, whatever other education you give them, be sure they are set at work at entomology and botany—the study of things about them.

Anyone interested in the comparative study of religions will find a book of sterling merit written by Prof. Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, entitled "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria." It is published by Ginn & Co. of Boston and the work is up to the high mark that always comes from the Atheneum Press. It constitutes one of the "Handbooks on the History of Religions," published by this excellent firm. But the joy of the student who gets hold of this thesaurus of learning cannot be told to others. Prof. Jastrow is at the very head of American Assyriologists. He has given us what we very much needed, and some of us were longing for, a scholarly compendium of the vastly increasing knowledge on the subject under discussion. No one can intelligently study modern theology without a good knowledge of these early faiths. As a school book this is an ideal, but it is also a book that our preachers of liberal thought can afford to invest in. On page 650 we learn that all the Babylonian temples became financial establishments. The temples became great land holders, farming out their property for the benefit of the sanctuary. We learn of large bodies of laborers indentured to temples, as well as of slaves owned by them. But more than this, the temples engaged directly in commercial affairs, lending money and receiving interest. Is there a drift in that direction among the Christian churches of America? And if not, why not? Why should not a church establishment be self-supporting, on a business basis, rather than dependent, as the majority of churches are, upon the gifts of rich people, who thus manage to control them, or of the poor, who cannot well afford what they contribute. I see no reason why a church should not be placed upon the same substantial financial basis as any other institution.

The "New England Magazine" comes to us loaded with good things in addition to the "Editor's Table," that is always a feast. Among the other articles is one by the writer of these notes, entitled "New England's First College out of New England." It shows the manner of tracks which our New England fathers left on the country as they moved westward; colleges as well as churches. The article is superbly illustrated and refers to a large number of western men—among others to Laurentine Hamilton, Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis and Starr Cadwallader; among preachers, Judge D. P. Baldwin of Logansport, Franklin H. Head of Chicago, Dr. Edward Orton of Ohio, and, above all, to that prince of educational reformers, Asa Mahan, formerly the first president of Oberlin College, and originator of coeducation in American colleges.

The National Educational Association of America holds its next meeting at Los Angeles, July 11 to 14.

Excursion trains, at very much reduced rates, leave New York July 1, and thereafter, by all the more delightful routes. It is a grand opportunity for those interested in education to learn more of the western country, including the National Park, and in the best of company. You will get all the information that you need by writing to Ossian H. Lang, 61 East Ninth street, New York. Mr. Lang is editor of the "School Journal" of New York and Chicago.

With all the drift toward historical research and the writing of histories, we still stood in need of a really good hand-book for school use, tracing the main outlines of national development. Prof. McLaughlin of Michigan University has undertaken to supply the want by giving us what he calls "A History of the American Nation." It is a volume of about 600 pages of compact matter. It comes by all odds nearest to being a history of the people of the United States of anything yet produced. The material is admirably sifted; and I see only one blemish, that in the effort to compress material the style of some sentences is made to suffer. The illustrations are of the highest character, and are what the author most expressly hoped, truly illustrative and helpful. In fact, I do not see how a student could well get along without this volume near his hand. It avoids the gossip of McMaster, but includes enough of that material which we find in McMaster of the popular sort. Set the book down as on the whole a decided success, where most of our histories are a failure. The volume is published in the highest style of the bookmaking art by D. Appleton & Co. of New York. I select it as an indispensable.

"Children of the Mist" is the title of a novel by Eden Phillpotts, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Putnams are giving us in the way of fiction some capital books. Their Hudson Library is worth buying, without excepting one of the thirty-five volumes. Among the very best of the newer volumes of fiction, this one, the "Children of the Mist," should be placed. It is full of action, but the author does not feel compelled to introduce one line of the objectionable in order to make her book thoroughly interesting.

Two delightful novels lie on the table from the Riverside Press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., "The Queen of the Swamp" and "A West Point Wooing." The first of these is by Mrs. Catherwood, and the last by Clara Louise Burnham. It is not necessary to say that every line that Mrs. Catherwood writes is fresh and charming, and that she never treads in beaten tracks. In this volume I like best T'fergore, a most delightful description of that most wonderful of all events, the coming of a babe into the human family. Almost as good is the Calhoun Fiddler and perhaps Rose Day is best of all. The book takes its name from the first story, which is good enough to make a reputation for any author. "West Point Wooing" is also made up of short stories, every one delightful. New England surpasses the world in short story writers, and they suit the spirit of the age, which demands boiling down. If you want a couple of good pocket volumes for summer reading you cannot do better than send to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and get these.

One morning I found on the table a somewhat pretentious looking book, entitled "The Jacksonian Epoch," written by Chas. H. Peck and published by Harper & Bros. I opened the book after reading a sharp criticism, which prejudiced me somewhat against it. But the further I progressed with its pages the more favorable was my impression of its value. The critic had denounced the book because of its free trade bias and other views, irrespective of the ability of the discussion, or its honesty. The trouble with American history has been that it has been compelled to pass through the hands of unqualified critics, whose only method of judgment has been to compare the pages of a book with their prejudices. Any author that dares to express a conviction or state facts not in accordance with the preconceived views of the American public concerning Alexander Hamilton, or the Supreme Court, or the protective tariff, is sure to be damned. After a thorough study of a good portion of this volume I have come to the conviction that it belongs in a very small class of sterling works, which constitute the only real American history. It is a critical survey of the political history of the United States, from the candidacy of Jackson to the accession of Tyler. Preliminary to the introduction of Jackson comes a study of Henry Clay, which is unquestionably the ablest description of that statesman and his works that has ever yet been put into print. The epoch treated is, as the author says, one of the most suggestive and dramatic in the history of the United States. Clay, Jackson, Webster, John Q. Adams and John C. Calhoun mark the passage of the nation from the intense individuality of the States to a more national sentiment. The style of the author is clear, incisive and constructive. He has shown exceedingly good judgment in the selection of illustrative facts and stories. I note on page 46 that he attributes to George Canning what should be attributed to Lord Castlereagh in 1805. Canning followed Castlereagh in 1822, and his character was exactly the reverse of that suggested by the author. I believe his picture of Andrew Jackson to be the correct one. A partisan will throw the book down as unsatisfactory, but a real student of history will find it so satisfactory that he will place it in a list of half-dozen that he always will keep within reach for reference.

It is pleasant to find in "The Dial" a criticism of Mr. Kipling which is not so recklessly flatulent and extravagant. We have a group of men over whom it is the fashion of intense and hysterical preachers and reviewers to lift their hands in strident praise whenever they open their mouths. I believe that Kipling has not yet done anything to warrant the literary laudation which he has received.

In every direction there is a waking up—none too soon—to the effect of high-pressure education. "Scribner's Magazine" has given us its influence. On the table lies a series of lectures by Dr. Smith Baker of Utica on "How to Spoil Children by Educating Them." One of his topics is Fatigue. No child should study more than an hour at a time. The duty of play is as great as the duty of study. Education has taken the child only to develop its brain force—and in doing that to deplete all its other faculties. The havoc is irreparable, astounding—and will be overwhelming, unless stopped. College and school athletics have stayed disaster. But it is doubtful whether under the present loose management it is not a matter of calves against brains—legs against heads.

Another Tolstoi novel is on our hands; as rotten and as powerful as all the rest. The story portrays a woman who sinks into infamous vice, and is awakened. The title is "The Awakening." Let the Slavic race work out these problems, if they must. Our Saxon blood revolts, or ought to revolt, at the whole stuff. There is no reason for placing this nastiness in the rank of literature. Tolstoiism is rank, morbid, reactionary, illogical, unwholesome. Look up, and hear the birds sir

E. P. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—I will be glad and rejoice, for thou, O Lord, hast known my soul in adversities.

MON.—Be of good courage and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

TUES.—The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations.

WED.—Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

THURS.—The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.

FRI.—A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

SAT.—With Thee, O Lord, is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light.

—*Psalms.*

Something Unusual.

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys
Upon the nursery floor.
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open gate
And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away,
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,
Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg,
As it had hung before.
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
Astonished was his face.
He couldn't find his cap—because
'Twas in its proper place!

—*Emma E. Marean, in Youth's Companion.*

A Wise Old Man.

The snows of seventy winters powder David's hair and beard, and his spectacles are often pushed back on his kindly brow, but no glass could wholly obscure the clear integrity and steadfast purity of his eyes; and as for his smile I have not the art to paint that! It holds in solution so many sweet though humble virtues of patience, temperance, self-denial, honest endeavor, that my brush falters in the attempt to fix the radiant whole upon the canvas. Fashions come and go, modern improvements transform the arts and trades, manual skill gives way to the cunning of the machine, but old David Robb, after more than fifty years of toil, still sits at his hand loom and weaves his winseys for the Pettybaw bairnies. David has small book learning, so he tells me, and indeed he had need to tell me, for I should never have discovered it myself—one misses it so little when the larger things are all present!

* * * * *

Notwithstanding his unfamiliarity with lang-nebbit words, David has absorbed a deal of wisdom in his quiet life; though so far as I can see, his only books have been the green tree outside his window, a glimpse of the distant ocean and the toil of his hands.

But I sometimes question if as many scholars are not made as marred in this wise, for, to the seeing eye, the waving leaf and the far sea, the daily task, one's own heart beats and one's neighbors—these teach us in good time to interpret nature's secrets, and man's and God's as well.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin, in "Penelope's Progress."*

"Pulling Even."

BY CORA S. DAY.

Jerry and Dick were two brown horses who lived out in the country on Mr. Stratton's farm. In the winter time they did not have much to do, but when spring came they were busy every day, helping their master get the broad fields ready for the seeds. Then, when haying time came, they were harnessed to the big farm wagon and drew load after load of hay to the barn. There the sweet smelling clover which they liked so well was stored away in the lofts for the winter.

Anyone looking at the two horses would have said they were just alike. But if you had asked Farmer Stratton he would have shaken his head and answered at once:

"Oh, no, Jerry is the best worker. Dick is just as strong and able to pull as Jerry, but he is not so willing. If I don't watch them when they are working together Jerry does all the work and Dick shirks. To make them work even I have to urge Dick and hold Jerry back."

Jerry and Dick are only horses, and, of course, cannot be expected to understand the right and wrong of the question. But I wonder if boys and girls always "pull even!" You know there is work for us all in this world, and if we don't do our own work—if we shirk—some one else must do our work or it will go undone. I suppose Dick was quite willing to eat his share of the hay that was brought in. Don't you think it would be fairer if he did his share of the pulling?

I am sure you see the point; and, if you remember Jerry and Dick, I think you will need no urging to do your work; and that you will not be so unfair as to let another do your work and his own, too, but will "pull even."—*Presbyterian Journal.*

Atco, N. J.

Bed-Time Thoughts.

"I don't know what to think about when I go to bed, mamma," said little Helen; "I see things in the dark and think about such scaresome things that it keeps me awake."

"If you should see a flock of black, croaking ravens and a flock of pure-white cooing doves coming toward you, which would you hold out your hands to?" asked mamma.

"To the doves, of course," was the quick answer.

"I think you would. You might not be able to keep the ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this, with the thoughts that are like flying birds at night, my dear. Don't give room for a minute, in your mind, to the troublesome thoughts that you call scaresome. Let the white doves of sweet and happy thought come in and stay till you go to sleep. Keep turning your mind to what is pleasant and good. Don't you see that if your heart, like a cage full of doves, has no room for troublesome things, like croaking ravens, that they can't crowd in? If you think of happy things when you go to sleep, you will wake with sweet thoughts, and this makes a good beginning for a new day."

Mamma's advice to Helen about night thoughts will do to pass on.—*Selected.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Wales.—Rev. T. Lloyd Jones of Liverpool, whose visit to America some years ago is so well remembered by many of the Unitarians, has been visiting his native place and been preaching in Welsh in Pantydefaid, the old home church into which the senior editor of this paper was born. The Lloyd Jones Sisters of the Hillside Home School are now en route to this home of their parents, and will spend their vacation in visiting their spiritual birthplace, for they were Welsh born, though they first opened their eyes in America.

Temperance.—The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway is the last road that demands total abstinence among all its employes. * * * Messrs. Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. and Montgomery Ward & Co. of Chicago have ordered that no cigarette smoking youths shall remain in their employ, the former drawing the age line at twenty, the latter at sixteen. * * * We hope the "Temple Appeal" is wrong in the item that says "Seventeen volunteers went to the Spanish war, from a certain town in Illinois, who were steady, industrious and respected boys. Sixteen of the number came back confirmed drunkards and the seventeenth a corpse." Such a grim statement as this should be verified, particularly inasmuch as there is a sad presumption that it may be true. Will not the "Appeal" be sure that it is right in this charge before daring to give it publicity? If right, let it be published from one end to the other of the land as one more evidence of the awful demoralization of war.

Cleveland. — We have already called attention to the gracious though painful way in which the pastoral ties are being severed between the Unity Church at Cleveland and its pastors, Miss Murdock and Miss Buck. In addition to the kindly words uttered, these ministers were recently handed a check of eight hundred and fifty-eight dollars as an additional token of love. It took this form for a very practical end, that of enabling the pastors to carry out their plan for a year's study in Europe before they begin again.

Chicago First Unitarian Society.—Services will be held in Hull Memorial Chapel on Sunday mornings throughout the summer, Rev. W. W. Fenn himself occupying the pulpit during July. The Sunday-school joined with the congregation on June 18th, in the annual "Flower Service," which was truly beautiful in its reverent simplicity.

New Ulm, Minn.—Rev. H. A. Firgan, late pastor of the Universalist Church at Etna, Pa., has come here to continue the good work begun by Mr. Buzzell, who has returned to New England. Mr. Firgan's fine command of the German language is enabling him to appeal to the non-English-speaking portion of this liberal community, and promises to make his work at New Ulm doubly effective.

Live at home like a traveler. What a fool he must be who thinks his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives.

Where is the "unexpected land" but in our own untried enterprises? You must make tracks into the unknown.

A healthy man is the complement of the seasons, and in winter summer is in his heart. There is the south.

Unsuccessful People.

When I see, as I sometimes do see, those whom the world calls unsuccessful, furnished with every virtue and adorned with every grace, made considerate through suffering, sympathetic by isolation, spiritedly patient, meek and yet defiant, calm and contemptuous, tender even of the sorrows and tolerant of the joys which they despise, enduring the sympathy and accepting the companionship of weakness, because it is kindly offered, though it be a burden to be dropped just inside the door, and not a treasure to be taken into the heart's chamber, I am ready to say: "Blessed are the unsuccessful!"

Blessed are the unsuccessful, the men who have nobly striven and nobly failed. He alone is in an evil case who has set his heart on false, or selfish, or trivial ends. Whether he secure them or not, he is alike unsuccessful. But he who loves high is king in his own right, though he "lives low." His plans may be abortive, but himself is sure. God may overrule his desires and thwart his hopes and baffle his purposes, but all things shall work together for his good. Though he fall he shall rise again. Every defeat shall be a victory. Every calamity shall drop down blessing. Inward disappointment shall minister to enduring joy. From the grapes of sorrow he shall press the wine of life.

O, men and women everywhere who are following on to know the Lord, faint yet pursuing; men and women who are troubled, toiling, doubting, hoping, watching, struggling, whose attainments "through the long green days, worn bare of grass and sunshine," lay hopelessly behind your aspirations; who are haunted evermore by the ghosts of your possibilities, who see far off the shining hills your feet are fain to tread, who work your work with dumb, assiduous energy, but with perpetual protest, I bid you good luck in the name of the Lord!—*Gail Hamilton.*

To Live.

It is to bid the waking world good morning;
To say good night when evening drapes the earth;
To toil with brain or hand for gold or honor,
For sake of those beside the household hearth.

It is to guide the steps of little children;
With strong, true arm to shield the aged head;
To kneel and pray, to twine the bridal roses;
To fold away the garments of the dead.

It is to walk abroad, when leaves are starting;
To hear the birds sing, tread the garden path;
To sow the seed and gather in the harvests;
To look on fields all rich with aftermath;

To hear the welcome sound of rain in summer;
To see the rose and gold of evening skies;
To brave the storms and see the sunshine after;
To kiss fond lips and look in loving eyes;

To feed the hungry, give the cup of water;
To break some chain and help some soul go free;
To build our castles, and to see them vanish;
To wonder when our ships will cross the sea.

It is to hunger with the heart and asking
For wine, get gall; for bread, receive a stone;
It is to know that somewhere 'neath God's heaven
A loving, faithful heart is all our own.

It is to paint, to sing, to carve and never
Even when patience its fair best has wrought,
To find the song, the statue, or the picture
So fair, so pure, so perfect as the thought.

To live, it is to love, to long, to suffer;
To search for truth, to spend our souls for dross;
To lose, to win, and sometimes win in losing,
And ofttimes find our winning is but loss.

—ANON.

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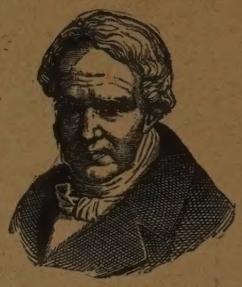

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. Clement Warren, Brooklyn, New York City.

I have just completed for the seventh time a reading of your cogent work entitled "The Safe Side." Every time that I have read the work I have realized its excellence more and more. On each occasion new features have developed. Each page furnishes food for thought, and each chapter (or less) provides a mental meal which absolutely needs digestion and deep reflection before proceeding further. It is a work replete with facts clearly stated and irresistibly put. They may be ignored but cannot be refuted. The information I have gained from reading "The Safe Side" equals the sum total of all that I was possessed of previous to my first reading of it. It throws a flood of light on the subject which only the wilfully blind can ignore, and as a compendium of tersely put truths, is one of the best I have ever read on any subject.

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, psychology, becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasizes strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club houses" and the ministry, which to him appears a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

From Andrew D. White, LL.D., ex-President of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

I have delayed acknowledging your book until I could have the opportunity to give it a more careful examination. I have now done so, and wish to thank you for it heartily. It seems to me full of valuable information which persons studying the great question to which you refer should have at their command. It also seems very suggestive of thought, and likely to bear useful fruit among investigators.

Any one who in these days is willing to give his labor to opening up these great subjects to the light is, in my opinion, rendering a great service to Christianity itself—a service which, however much it may be depreciated now, will be honored later, when the leaders of thought shall have given the honest attention to the whole subject which it dererves.

Mr. Edward Howe, New York City.

I have given your book a third reading and admire it more than ever. * * * Such a book as yours is greatly needed to clear the theological atmosphere, and I hope it will be very widely circulated. * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

From the Boston "Investigator."

Mr. Mitchell has done the cause of Liberalism a great service in his noble work. He has assumed that the truth is a better guide than falsehood, and that it is safe to know the truth and to tell it. There is no subject about which there is more of darkness, of ignorance, of error, than the one he has undertaken to clear up—the divinity of Jesus. Mr. Mitchell has studied the gospels and contemporaneous literature with one end in view—that of finding the truth. He has brought to his study a candid mind, a scholar's critical judgment and a philosopher's spirit. He has sifted the material bearing upon his subject, and arranged and presented the facts, as far as they could be ascertained, in a way to secure the attention of the reader, and to carry conviction to the impartial and unprejudiced mind. His masterly presentation of the superstitions and ideas which culminated in the declaration that Jesus was divine, throws new light on the gospels, and helps to make clear what has heretofore been dark and mysterious. "The Safe Side" is a good book to have in your library. It is original, able and thoroughly liberal in its treatment of the subject.

From The Chicago "Tribune."

* * * "The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack," by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints."

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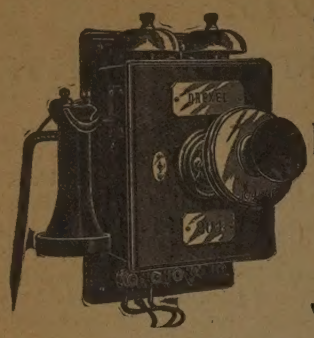

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EVOLUTION POPULARIZED.

"A Popular Exposition of the Theory of Evolution," by Effie McLeod (Alfred C. Clark & Co., Chicago), is a little brochure of sixty-seven pages which undertakes to tell to the lay reader within short space just what the much-abused doctrine of evolution is, as far as it has been worked out. There is, as was not long ago, a vague notion afloat that evolution is about summed up in a theory that man is descended from the monkey. Even if that doctrine were asserted—though it is not and never has been by any scientific student—the process would have been an ascent, not a descent. The claim of this clever essayist is that evolution does not antagonize Christianity any more than does the multiplication table, and that, so far as known, it is almost precisely in line with the outline story of creation in Genesis.

It is a very lucid and simple explanation of what the doctrine is, displaying very full and clear knowledge of what it means, ending with the significant reflection that "organic evolution is itself enveloped in the larger theme of evolution at large; that is, the steady, onward march of all things toward 'one far-off divine event.'"—

[*Chicago Chronicle.*]

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